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RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1890.

N° 81.

SOCIETIES.

Amity Lodge, No. 8, K. of P.
THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF AMITY LODGE NO. 8, K. of P. Knights of Pythias, are held in Masonic Hall, every Friday evening commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. All lights in good standing are fraternally invited to attend.
By order of the Chancellor Commander
S. J. HODGINSON,
Oct 29th K. of P. & S.

I. O. O. F.
TRUECREE LODGE, NO. 14, I.O.O.F., Independent Order Odd Fellows, meet every Saturday evening in their hall, west side Street, near the Golden Eagle Hotel, Reno, Nevada, every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Punctual attendance of members is requested. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
H. P. BROWN, N. A.
JOHN BOWMAN, Secretary.

Reno Chapter No. 7, R. A. M.

THE Stated Convocations of Reno Chapter, No. 7, R. A. M., are held in Masonic Hall on the evening of the first Tuesday in each month, commencing at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Sojourning Companions in good standing are fraternally invited to attend. By order of the E. H. P.
W. L. BECHTEL, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.

NEVADA LODGE, NO. 5, A. O. U. W., meets every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visit brothers cordially invited to attend.
W. M. ORONAN, M. W.
F. MCRAE Recorder.

RICHARD HERZ,
RENO. NEVADA



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Small Bits FORTUNE have been sent us by Anna Page Austin, Texas and Jim Bond from New Mexico. They are not out yet. Some earn over \$500.00 a month. You can do in the work you know best. Farm beginners are easily earning from \$5 to \$10 a day. All ages. We work to spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among our men. Come and see us. Address: FORTUNE, Box 880, OGDEN, UTAH.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly list any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can work, and I will give after instruction on will work indicated how to earn Three thousand dollars a year in their own home at their leisure. No capital required. No experience necessary. No money for me unless successful above. Early and late learned to draw but only worker from time to time. Now I have a large number, mostly provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars in FORTUNE, Box 880, OGDEN, UTAH.

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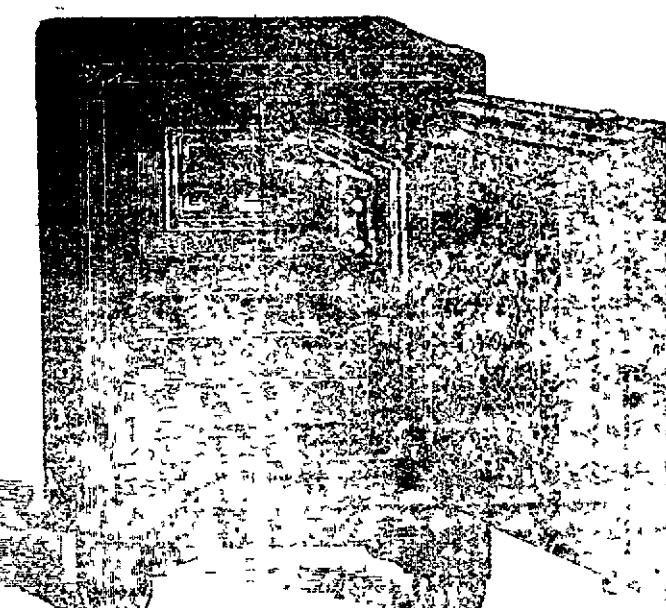
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JOE WORK,

FOR FINE

JOE WORK,

Nevada State Journal

C. POWNING, Editor and Proprietor.

One of the biggest dinner parties that took place was that which the New York Herald gave Christmas day to the boys in Lyric Hall. There were three hundred, each seating nearly 200, and these were filled three times. There were 1500 children, not counting little Annie Rooney, who made her appearance later.

More than 200 visitors were present, and there was a crowd of waiters. There was an orchestra and Marshall P. Wilder, and key, and oblique, and cranberries, and ery, and potatoes, and pies, and other things too numerous to mention.

Before the triumphant finale they had demolished 200 twenty-pound turkeys, 100 pounds of chicken, four barrels of apples, three barrels of cranberries, three barrels of celery, 300 loaves of bread, 400 cups and other delicacies in like proportion.

But this was not all. The Herald had still more, and each small boy was presented with a ticket which entitles him, on January 2d, to a pes jacket, which is fit him, from Hearst Brothers. For the last part the boys were clean and bright and wholesome, though here and there was a pathetic example of parental neglect.

Captain Norville, a special agent, has returned from Fort Bennett and reports that the Indian war there is over, because the Indians were afraid they would be massacred or they would have some benefit. After the Indians arrived at Bennett councils were held to determine whether they would give up their arms or not.

Captain Palmer said: "No arms, no rations or blankets." This soon brought them to time, and at their arms are now packed up at the agency.

Captain Hearst, commanding officer at Fort Sully, has received the capitulation of 174 Uncapapas, including seventy of Sitting Bull's big band and fifty from the Rosebud agency.

Narciso Narciso, the boss farmer, bought in 412 Big Foot Indians. From these ninety-eight stands of arms were collected. Sitting Bull's men want to remain at Cheyenne, and say they are afraid to return to Standing Rock. All have surrendered and the best of care is given them. Many of the leaders among the Indians acted very ugly in making the final elements.

The advice given to the young man who headed Mr. Macawber's excuse, "waiting for something to turn up," that instead he should turn something up, has often been cast upon the people of Nevada. They are told that instead of waiting for outside capital to come in and develop the State's resources, they should do it themselves.

Unfortunately this is just what the people of Nevada are not prepared to do. Nevada development necessitates the expenditure of vast sums of money. The storage of water will require an enormous outlay, and the people of Nevada are not capitalists. The men who have made their millions out of Nevada, spend it elsewhere. The people of the State have not the means to attempt any important scheme of development. They must bide their time until exterior capital sees it to their interest to invest here.

A novel point in insurance litigation has resulted from the conviction of Byraad, the strangler of Gouffe. His life was insured in an English company which now refuses to accept the premium from his wife on the ground that Byraad, having placed himself in the immediate danger of capital punishment, practically committed suicide, thus invalidating his insurance. The condemned man is also suffering from disease that may even carry him off before the executioner can perform his allotted task. The wife's appeal to the courts, therefore, presents an unique array of facts for consideration.

When the question of the resumption of gold payments was mooted in greenback days brave old Horace Greeley contended that the only way to resume payments was to resume. It is so now with the silver question. Free and unlimited coinage of the white metal is the true panacea. All his goldbug doctoring keeps the patient sick.

A peculiar and fatal accident occurred Thursday afternoon on Eleventh avenue, New York City. An unknown elderly woman slipped and fell to the sidewalk.

When picked up she was found to be dead, and an examination disclosed the fact that a long hairpin had been driven into her brain when her head struck the sidewalk.

The miners of the Central Pennsylvania coal regions have served notice on the operators demanding 50 cents not instead of 50 cents gross per ton, and a new working scale of prices. If it is not granted the men to the number of 15,000 will quit work the first of the year.

There are no dues on California. It has made 15,000,000 gallons of choice wine, shipped \$10,000,000 worth of fruit East, has an immense crop, has won a pile of money on her fast horses, and voted the Republican ticket by an overwhelming majority, all in one year.

The columns of the JOURNAL are always open to Dr. Hogan. He has never been refused their use. If he had asked for it he could have had his late circular published in the JOURNAL.

Bar silver \$1.02.

To the People of Idaho.
The following appears in the Greenville Bulletin: We hereby file our most solemn protest against the recent election in your State of three United States Senators, without previous notice to us of your intended action and your large market for Senatorial timber. We feel especially chagrined at your hasty action for our success in furnishing Senators to sister States is well known. However, in the future, we shall rely upon your patronage, believing that we can give you entire satisfaction. As evidence of our ability and good faith in this matter, we need only refer you to the State of Nevada, whose needs we have supplied during the past many years, giving entire satisfaction to her people. If you need irrigation schemes, silver or any other kind of legislation, only a few moments' notice is needed, as our California boys are quick to mount any "hobby horse" and ride successfully. With our reputation of furnishing such skillful riders as Jones and Stewart, we should readily command the market in your State. Can furnish you such men as Newlands and Fitch in plenty.

Done in Greenville, Christmas day, 1890, and ordered published in our official organ, the Bulletin. Sisterly thine.

CALIFORNIA.
Mental Pempsian.

State Supt. elect, J. W. Anderson, says the following expresses his sentiments: "I have now an experience of some forty years as student, teacher and examiner, and it forces on me a profound conviction that our modern education is hardening into a narrow and debasing mill. Education is over-driven, over-systematized, monotonous, mechanical.

"The round of endless examinations reduces education to a professional cram, where the repetition of given formulas passes for knowledge, and where the accurate memory of some teacher's 'tips' takes the place of thought. Education ought to be the art of using the mind and arranging knowledge; it is becoming the art of swallowing pellets of special information. The Professor mashes up a kind of mental pempsian, which he rams into the learner's gutlet. When the pupil vomits up these pellets it is called 'passing the examination with honors.'

Hall's Express.

The Susanville Advocate says: "W. P. Hall, always in the lead of any enterprise that will improve Lassen county in any degree, whatever, has, since Wells, Fargo & Co. withdrew their service from our county, organized a local company to be known as 'Hall's Express,' to operate between Susanville and Reno, and points northward and westward. Business commences at once, and the first express matter with this new company left Reno for Susanville to-day. From this time all express matter between these points will go daily each way. Coin, and all other property of value can be sent by this company with safety, as a messenger will be on the road at stated intervals. Complete arrangements have been made with the railroad and stage lines for transportation, and Mr. Hall has gone to Reno to complete arrangements at that end of the line."

Competent and in the Right Place.

General Benjamin Molina Guirola, San Salvador's Minister to the United States, has arrived in Washington with his wife and three children, two servants, three guests, his secretary, and a handsome young woman of Spanish descent who modestly lays claim to the name of Smith—Miss Camille Smith. This woman is the only one in the party of eleven who speaks English. Miss Smith, who says she is from San Francisco, appeared to know more about the tariff, reciprocity, and of subsidizing certain industries, than most men, and she readily answers the questions asked into Spanish, and in excellent English repeated the Minister's replies.

The removal of the civil Indian agents of the Government at Pine Ridge, Cheyenne river and Rosebud is being considered by the President. Should this occur, officers of the army will be put in their stead temporarily and perhaps permanently. The civil agents appear to be wholly incapable of dealing with the excited Indians and their removal has been advised by General Miles, who is supported by the Secretary of War. The Indian Office people are alarmed at the consequences of having broken their promises with the Indians, and are willing to yield the work of pacification to the war offices.

The army men know more of the Indian character than the average Indian agent. They have kept their word with the Indians whenever they have been allowed to, and the visible force they represent is respected. The other Sioux agents are to be let alone. Major McLaughlin at Standing Rock particularly has shown himself competent and just in his administration of Indian affairs.

A complimentary tribute to American mechanical skill was the recent order of the Government of New South Wales for twenty-seven American locomotives, which will be finished in February and shipped from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Charlotte Benton, aged about 65 years, the niece of Napoleon Bonaparte and the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, died at Richfield Springs, New York, Thursday.

The Prince of Wales has a cabinet containing copies of every style of photograph ever taken of himself. These prints of Wales are negative evidences of his vanity.

A SUPPLICATION.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though so exalted she
And so lowly be.
Tell her, such different notes make all thy
harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake,
And though the moving hand approach no
near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make
Now all thy forces try;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her
eyes.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound;
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too will thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physis to other ill, thou'rt nourishment to
love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by;
Bid thy strings silent lie.
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy mas
ter die.

—A Crowley in Philadelphia North American.

Photograph of a Spook.

A strange case of spirit photography occurred a few days ago in Los Angeles. The lady who was the chief actor will not consent to the use of her name, but there is no question of the reality of the event, and it is made all the stronger by the fact that both she and the photographer are skeptics of spiritualism. She took her position in the gallery, and the photographer threw his cloth over his head to arrange the focus, when, with an exclamation of fright, his head bobbed suddenly out from beneath its covering and he stared at the lady.

"Did any one pass behind you just then?"

"Why, certainly not," she answered. He then took the picture and went into the dark room with it. He came bounding out in a few moments, and with a white face and strange manner said she must sit again. She complied, and again when he proceeded to adjust the lenses he could not restrain his terror. His face became beaded with a cold perspiration, his hands trembled so that he could hardly proceed with the work. Five times did he take the lady's picture, refusing to give her any explanation of his strange behavior.

At last he told her she would have to go to some other place—he could not take her picture satisfactorily. Then she insisted on an explanation. He refused for a long time, but at last he brought her five plates from the dark room. In each of them by her side, dressed in grave clothes, with outstretched arm and beckoning finger, stood the figure of a person who had been very dear to her, but who had recently died. The lady nearly fainted and denounced the thing as a trick, but was soon convinced if there was fraud the photographer did not know it. The photographer developed the plates, and the portraits of the living and the dead are exact and startling.

The lady is not superstitious, but the inexplicable affair has worn on her nerves so as to render her seriously ill.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Growth of Artistic Taste.

As artistic taste in home decoration gains ground the craze for novelty in form abates, and people no longer pine to transform innocent domestic utensils into painted and beribboned mural adornments. Dust pans and coal shovels are noble in their way, and shine with the beauty of fitness in the kitchen, where their manifest destiny finds fulfillment, but let us see them no more masking as photograph holders on the parlor wall. The decoration by needle or brush now most cared for is less florid than quiet, and is used no longer upon meaningless things, but is applied to articles of real use in a house.

It takes fine taste to decide on the choice of the pretty bits of daintily embellished textiles that are now provided for the breakfast, dinner and tea table, but it is safe for a housekeeper not overconfident in her own judgment to confine her selection to things that are capable of being laundered. For high days and holidays diaphanous lace and shadowy bolting cloth, and softly glimmering satin table centers, and plate mats with artistically painted flowers glowing upon their surfaces are elements of beauty, and add luster to a stately setting forth of glass and silver; but at the serving of human nature's daily food linen, damask and like materials, with pretty needle wrought patterns in wash silks or linen, are by far the best and most pleasing.—Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

Maine in Favor of the Women. The vote of the Methodists of Maine on the question of admitting women delegates to the general conference seems to be all one way, or rather in the condition where the few exceptions prove the rule by showing that both sides are voting. Rumford Center is the last one to report its vote being 13 for and 1 against the motion. The vote of the ten Maine churches now on record is 209 for, 11 against, the admission of the women.—Lewiston Journal.

Plucky Texas Girl.

Lena, the 10-year-old daughter of F. G. Perinch, a farmer, was brought hurriedly here for treatment for a rattlesnake bite. While wall near the house the reptile buried it in the girl's leg. She seized a c. , killed it and then sucked the wound until medical aid could be had. Her recovery will be due in most part to her own bravery and thoughtfulness.—Corpus Christi Special.

Still She Grew Old.

Betsey Harper has just died at Bangor. She wore stays in her youth, slept on a feather bed, ate pork all her days, drank strong tea and just doctored on mince pie and hot doughnuts, and she beat out all the health cranks by living to the age of 101.—Springfield (Mass.) Home-stead.

The Prince of Wales has a cabinet containing copies of every style of photograph ever taken of himself. These prints of Wales are negative evidences of his vanity.

WOMEN AS TRAVELERS.

TWO GIRLS WHO WENT ALONE FROM PARIS TO SAN FRANCISCO.

They Made the Trip in Just Twelve and One-Half Days—They Were Sick While Crossing the Water, but They Received the Best of Attention from Everybody.

American girls have that pluck which makes them admired by all the world. The following is a story of two young women who made a flying trip from Paris to San Francisco. The sisters were at school in Paris, and expected soon to be met by relatives. One forenoon they received a cable dispatch telling them to come home as soon as possible. The oldest girl is about twenty years old. She immediately sent for time tables. While she was examining these her sister was packing five trunks.

Miss F— discovered that they could get a steamer from Southampton which was to sail the next day. She posted to her bankers, and hurrying back joined her sister in packing. At half-past 8 that night they were being whirled out of Paris. Neither of the girls slept that night. When they arrived in London at 6 o'clock in the morning Miss F— was forced to do some shopping, for however rapidly women travel they make time to do a little buying, and in this case they had started so suddenly that this was absolutely necessary.

The American sisters caught the 12:30 o'clock train for Southampton, not having had time to eat luncheon. Four hours later they were on their steamer, tired and hungry and sleepy, but triumphant.

ON THE OCEAN.

Every one on the vessel was most kind to the young women and lauded their pluck to the skies. The voyage would for this reason have been made pleasant for them, but their hurry and lack of sleep, together with their nerve tension, made them easy prey for man's mortal enemy, seasickness. From the time the big steamer left England until she swept up New York harbor the weather was uncompromisingly rough. Not one day was fair. When the young women reached the steamer they were utterly exhausted, and at once went to bed. This set the stewardess to grumbling. She wanted the girls to appear at the dinner table on the first day at least.

"Oh, don't urge us to go to dinner again," cried Miss F— wearily, and then she told the woman the experience through which they had just passed.

"You poor little dears," said the stewardess, at once becoming gentle, and for the rest of the voyage she neglected every one else to look after "the brave little American ladies."

Men and women joined in little courtesies and attentions to the two girls. One old crusty Englishman seemed to take offense if any one monopolized their attention. He became their loyal guardian and walked around like a great protecting mastiff. It was he who stood on the deck with them on the day that the girls turned their eager eyes toward the Statue of Liberty. The new friends of "the brave little American ladies" advised them to stay in New York for one day to get a little rest. They would not listen to such pleasant urgings. The stewardess actually wept over their determination to hurry on to San Francisco.

NO REST FOR THEM.

The steamer was at her pier at 4:30 p.m., and a train left Jersey City at 6:30 p.m. In that two hours the girls left the steamer, had their trunks examined by the custom house officials and were driven to the railroad station. Their adoring old Englishman, who did not look as if he had moved rapidly in forty years, fretted and bustled around the trunks when they were being opened. He was in mortal terror lest the girls would miss the train after all.

He stamped, got red in the face, puffed violently and finally recovered the baggage with a cry of exultation. The train which started westward that evening carried with two white faced young women the good wishes of a shipload of passengers.

"No woman but an American would undertake such a thing," said the Englishman, looking at two bits of of white lace where two handkerchiefs fluttered at the car window as the train rolled out of the station, "and," he added, "no woman but an American could succeed in such an undertaking."

For the benefit of those who are interested to know how the trip ended, and to satisfy those who like to follow transatlantic records, it may be said that the young women reached home in safety. To go from London to their home in San Francisco took them just twelve and one-half days.—New York Tribune.

A Successful Counterfeiter.

Our rations while in Richmond we estimated at two to four ounces of beef and six to eight ounces of good wheat bread. To supplement this we made counterfeit greenbacks, which we were sometimes able to pass on unsuspecting guards. Once, by cutting out the figures from a ten cent script and with a little blood gluing this over the figure one in a dollar greenback, myself and three comrades bought with this bogus ten dollar bill ninety loaves of good bread, and it was the only time while I was in the Confederacy that I made a full meal.

Posted.

Jenkins (trying to be social)—Is this Farmer Jones?

Farmer Smith—No, sir-ee, it ain't Farmer Jones; it's Farmer Smith. An' I'll just tell yer, young feller, that I'm posted on that bunco game, an' yer can't play it on me! So you an' yer friend yander'd better git.—Harper's Bazaar.

It Always Seems So.

Merritt—I wonder what makes your grandmother like to rock so much.

Little Johnnie—"Cause the chair creaks so."—Epoch.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Govt Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

F. LEVY & BRO.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR GREAT PREMIUM SALE.
Of our New Stock
DRY GOODS and CLOAKS. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.
F. LEVY & BRO., Reno, Nevada.

NEW SHOP OPENED!

FIFTY-CENT COLUMN.

I HAVE OPENED MY NEW BRICK SHOP, ON FOURTH street, next to Parry's stable, and am prepared to do

LIGHT AND HEAVY

BLACKSMITHING,

In all its branches, and woodwork of all kinds.

Daily Nevada State Journal.PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
12½ CENTS PER WEEK.

REVIEWS.

Mining stocks are active.
Skates at Lange & Schmitt's.
The weather continues warm and pleasant.
This is fine weather for building operations.
Tom Mayes, one of the Verdi mulemen, is in town.
Jim Grant returned from Sacramento yesterday.

Ice harvesting is in full blast on the Humboldt river.

Does anybody know what's the matter with Dr. Hogan?

Alfred Helm, of Carson, is booked for Deputy Secretary of State.

Lander county owns all of the old overland telegraph in that county.

Some of the ice ponds are out of luck yet, but the Winter is not over.

The year 1890 will soon make its bow and depart from the stage of life.

For bill head, letter head, tags, cards, etc., give the JOURNAL office a call.

Lovelock has shipped over 700 tons of wheat to the Reno market this year.

Prof. Fred H. Hillman of the University went up to Carson yesterday morning.

Ex-Governor Blaisdell has applied for a franchise for a street railroad in Oakland.

Henry Higgins will leave for Carson to-day to go to work in the State Printing office.

Governor-elect Colcord has appointed Mr. E. D. Vanderleith as his private secretary.

Every day two or more carloads of marble pass through for the marble works at Essex.

It is reported at the State Capital that Alfred Helm is to be Deputy Secretary of State.

The "low pressure" was on yesterday because of a break in the large main near the Seminary.

Lieutenant Governor-elect J. Poujade and wife arrived in Reno yesterday afternoon from Pioche.

After leaving the JOURNAL building Mr. Powning will move into the new cottage built last Summer.

The Postoffice was moved last night to its new quarters in the bank building, opposite the JOURNAL office.

Apropos to the fact of so many Mississippis appearing, is it not strange that "Satan" has not turned up.

The brains of a dog and a cat have been successfully transposed at the University Medical College in New York.

Go to Lange & Schmitt for heating stoves, cook stoves, ranges and house furnishing goods. Largest variety and best values.

Fred Gould of club No. 1 and John Doe of club No. 2, drew their watches in Hyman Frederick's watch club drawing last night.

W. O. H. Martin was yesterday awarded the Asylum contract for groceries for the ensuing six years, and Jack Fraser the supplying of the beef.

At the turkey shooting in Genoa 130 shots were fired but only three turkeys were captured. Mike Sullivan got one and H. Street the other two.

The Postoffice removal was affected yesterday, and the office is now in its handsome new quarters on Second street, adjoining the JOURNAL building.

Services at the Baptist Church morning and evening at the usual hours. Morning subject: "Looking forward." Evening subject: "A half-hearted religion." Everybody made welcome.

The Appeal regrets to say that considerable more drinking is done to the memory of the birth of Christ, than is absolutely necessary to preserve the ideals of Christianity in Ormiston county.

The new ferryboat Ukiah was given a trial trip at San Francisco yesterday. The Ukiah will go on the route between there and Tiburon next week, and the steamer Tiburon will be laid up for repairs.

Services at the Congregational Church to day at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning discourse by Rev. Mr. Luark; subject, "Spiritual Building;" evening subject, "The Higher Christian Life," by the pastor. Bible School at 12:15 P. M.

Austin Advocate: W. A. Van Reed has shipped twelve tons of antimony, and a large team will take out to the railroad an other carload on the 21st. The first twelve tons netted Mr. Van Reed \$35 per ton. The freight from Bernice to San Francisco is \$20 50 per ton.

The joint Masonic installation last night, at Masonic Hall, whereby the new officers of the Blue Lodge, Chapter, and Eastern Star were installed, called together a large number of the members to witness the impressive ceremonies. After the business of the evening was transacted the banquet hall was the scene of an equally delightful repast.

Austin Advocate: W. H. Jackson drove a wild Texas cow into Austin a few days ago, which became unruly just in front of the Advocate office, and Mr. Jackson unstrung his lariat, and flanking his cow pony with the rowsels, lassoed the cow and led her away to the corral as only an expert roper could do, amid the shouts and applause of the many spectators who witnessed the feat.

Driving Accident.

Virginia Chronicle: Yesterday forenoon Mr. John Jones and Wm. Sutherland started out for a buggy ride. On C street, near Silver, one of the horses became fractious, and kicking, threw one of his hind legs over the pole. The team then became unmanageable and the buggy collided with a telegraph pole, throwing both of the occupants out upon the ground. Mr. Sutherland escaped with but a few slight bruises but Mr. Jones was more seriously injured. He experienced concussion of the brain which rendered him unconscious for several hours. He was removed to his rooms where he received the proper medical attendance and to-day his physician thinks he will come around all right and that no permanent injury will result from the accident.

The Carson Valley Quartz Ledge.

The Genoa Courier has received no later information in regard to the gold discovery on East Fork, than that published last week. The report has received considerable interest all along the coast and many letters of inquiry have been received at the Courier office. The Courier says: This discovery is not spoken of as "rock lousy with gold," a second Comstock" or even "rich ledge." It is represented as an immense body of low grade ore, probably assaying from \$4 to \$12 per ton. It is the immense quantity and natural advantages for working it that gives hope of a permanent boom for Carson valley in case the ledge proves to be what its discoverer anticipates.

Hymenal.

Virginia Chronicle: Yesterday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father at Gold Hill Mr. Hiram Brey, of Tulare county, Cal., and Miss Ada Lackey, eldest daughter of Albert Lackey, Esq., were united in marriage. Rev. John W. Hyslop, rector of St. Paul's Parish, was the officiating clergyman, and the impressive marriage service of the Episcopal Church was conducted by him in the presence of a large number of invited guests. Miss Fletcher, of Grass Valley, Cal., acted as bridesmaid. The bridal presents were numerous, costly and tasteful, and were from friends from nearly all parts of California and Nevada. The happy couple left last evening for the home of the groom in California.

Meadow Lake Again.

The Hercules Mining Company will inaugurate extensive operations at Meadow lake, says the Grass Valley Tidings, next Spring on a big ledge. Free milling will not be attempted, but an effort will be made get to the gold in the sulphurites by concentration, etc. It is claimed that the new process will surely be successful, in which event there will be another rush to that Nevada county district. It is reported that an English syndicate will also commence operations there in the Spring.

Indian Fondness for Bed Tape.

The Silver State says: Doby John, who is getting advanced in years, is anxious to resign his position as Chief of Police among the Piutes. He favors Charlie Hank as his successor, as he has no sons, no papooses or heirs-apparent. But he wishes to withdraw in a business-like and legal manner. Doby desires the District Attorney to draw up an agreement which must be signed and certified to by all peace officers and old timers.

Pahrangat Lake District.

Pioche Record: Mr. George S. Barber, mentioned last week as having taken a six months' bond and lease on the Balback mine in Pahrangat Lake district, went down to that place during the week to begin work on the property. Several loads of mining supplies left town during the week also, and work will be pushed vigorously. Nine men will be employed for the present, about half of which number have gone down from here already.

The Wild Horses of Nevada.

The Central Nevada of Battle Mountain says: Warner Hillyer, of Antelope Valley, who was in town during the week, reports

thousands of wild horses ranging on the high mountain plateau near his home. He states that it is almost impossible to raise a band of tame animals in that section, as they soon find their way into the wild habitation of the mustang.

Storm Forebodings.

For several days the weather has been hazy, the moon has had circles about her, and the general indications are that a storm is on the horizon. A fierce snow storm is raging in the Eastern States. Another of wind and rain at Washington and a third down in the Gulf of Mexico. It is very probable that about New Year's, the storm will break over this section.

Carson Society.

It is reported that the Carson people are seriously considering the idea of sending an invitation to King Kalakaua to visit that city during the session of the Legislature. The report that His Majesty has \$600,000 to invest in poker chips doubtless is the cause of the proffered hospitality.

No Damages.

The case of Spears vs. the Southern Pacific Co., for \$2,500 damages, and which has been on trial in the District Court since Monday last, was given to the jury yesterday, which rendered a verdict for the defendant.

"The German."

The Riverside Social Club has inaugurated "The German," and Dr. Mayo Greenlaw is the leader. The first attempt was made Friday evening at their hall in the Thompson building, and proved a very enjoyable event.

THE QUEEN'S LATEST OFFER.

A Free Education or One Year's Travel in Europe.

In the Queen's "word contest," which the publishers of that magazine announce as the last one they will ever offer, a free education consisting of a three-year course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of The Queen, or one year abroad, consisting of one entire year's travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person sending them the largest list of words made from the text which is announced in the last issue of The Queen. A special deposit of \$750, has been made in the Dominion Bank of Canada, to carry out this offer. Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of The Queen have made their popular family magazine famous throughout both Canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and as this will possibly be the last one offered, they intend to make it excel all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send six two cent U. S. stamps for copy of The Queen containing the text, complete rules and list of prizes. Address: The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

Arrested for Seduction.

Otto Van Raven was arrested by the Reno officers on the 24th, and Constable Dames, of Fresno, took him to that city last night. Van Raven is accused of seducing a young girl of 14 years of age. He has been in this section three months, and at work for A. Sauer. He is 22 years old, and was born in Germany but educated in Russia, and the officers say is very bright young man. He will offer to repair the wrong he has done by proposing marriage to the girl just as soon as he arrives at Fresno. If he doesn't marry her he will get ten years in San Quentin or Folsom.

Nevada Wheat.

The Marysville (Cal.) Appeal has this to say of Nevada: Residents of this section of the country will be surprised to learn of the wheat producing quality of Nevada lands. That State has never been considered a wheat growing country, yet it appears that in the quantity of wheat she produces, she compares favorably with any other State.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Feb. 21-51st'y

Rewarded.

Everybody is who go and inspect the Christmas crockery and glassware, vases, gift-cups and painted china at Lange & Schmitt's. Sold at cost until New Year's eve.

MARRIED.

DIXON-LAMBERT—In Reno, Nevada, December 25, 1890, C. O. Dixon and Eliza Lambert.

Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and donot produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

Peculiar in its "good name"—there is now more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad.

No other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly.

Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 for 50. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

two, and then Henry asked gloomily: "Where is Elizabeth?"

Mrs. Clifton explained her daughter-in-law's whereabouts, adding:

"If you go at once, Henry, you may be able to overtake her before she reaches the rest of the party." And she accompanied the words with a beseeching look.

An instant's hesitation, and with an abrupt good-by the young man left the room, while his mother leaned back with an air of relief.

"It will surely all come right now," she told herself.

Young Mrs. Clifton was just leaving the wood to set out on the high road toward the farm when she heard her name called in a voice she recognized at once as her husband's, though the tone was new to her ears. She waited until he came up to where she stood. Then, in a very ceremonious manner, he accounted for his unexpected appearance.

In a tone equally cold Elizabeth informed him where she was going, pointing toward the farm house as she spoke.

Young Mr. Clifton had removed his hat and held it in his hand when addressing his wife; but a sudden cold gust of wind made him put it on again. After she had finished speaking he said gravely:

"Elizabeth, I have something to say to you. Will you give up this pleasure party, if I make your excuses to them, and listen to me for a few minutes?"

The idea of giving up this pleasure party struck young Mrs. Clifton with a sense of bitter absurdity. For a moment a spirit of defiance possessed her, and the answer "No" trembled on her lip. In that short space of time her life's happiness, perhaps, hung in the balance.

"I will wait here," Elizabeth said at last, and, lifting his hat very ceremoniously, her husband, with a formal "Thank you," walked rapidly up the road.

The minutes seemed like hours until he returned. Elizabeth stood motionless just where he had left her. He came quite close and looked keenly into her face.

"I have a letter here I would like you to read," he said, in horribly judicial tones; "but first let me explain how it came into my possession. If you will look at the address you will notice that the word 'Mrs.' is written very much like 'Mr.'—the 'e' is hardly noticeable. Jane gave it to me this morning with my mail. I hastily broke it open without even glancing at the outside, not being a woman, and—perhaps you can explain the rest."

Elizabeth received the extended envelope mechanically, looked at the direction and then took out the inclosure—two sheets of closely written note paper—looked at that and then up at her husband.

"I have not read it all," he said, in a very quiet tone.

"Perhaps if you had you would have seen it was not for me," his wife answered, just as quietly.

Elizabeth felt only a terrible anger—all other feelings seemed in abeyance. She looked at the letter again, while her husband watched her in dull amazement. What did this mean? Was it guilt or innocence?

Suddenly it flashed over her what her husband must have felt when he saw the words of endearment on the page—"My own darling"—that must have stared at him the instant he unfolded the sheet.

"Henry," she began, lifting her clear eyes to his, "if you had shown me this before you went away"—

"I had not time," he hastily interrupted.

But she went on without heeding him: "It would have saved us both a very unhappy morning. I have been foolish, I knew that, and so I did not dare to tell you. Henry, that letter was intended for Cousin Kate Ashton. See, the signature is 'Edward St. Clair.' Don't you remember he was in love with her, but the family forbade an engagement, would not even permit a correspondence? In a moment of weakness I said he might address his letter to me, and then I would reinclose them to Kate. I have been sufficiently punished for my folly."

"Elizabeth, forgive me!" was all her husband could say, and for answer she smiled up at him through her tears.

Presently Henry told her how near he came to not showing her the letter.

"It was my dear mother who induced me to do it," he said, tenderly, and Elizabeth whispered: "Let us go to thank her; she need not know how foolish I have been."

"Dear, we will lock the secret of our folly in our own bosoms," Henry answered; "and perhaps we have learned a lesson we shall never forget, this one October morning."—Peterson's Magazine.

A New Explosive Carbamate.

The new explosive "carbamite" is giving satisfaction to coal miners. At a meeting of the South Wales Institute of Engineers Mr. W. Stewart stated that within his experience a ton of the material had been used without a sign of flame or sparking. It is a stable compound and can be stored without deterioration for any length of time. It is rendered comparatively safe by the fact that a detonator is required to explode it. If struck with a hammer or stone no danger need be apprehended. Carbamate is lighter than dynamite, is of a brownish color, and contains 25 per cent. of nitro-glycerine. Certain sulphured hydro-carbons are added to moderate the susceptibility of the nitro-glycerine.

SANDY LAND WELL WORKED IS RICH.

We don't back high on theories
Down where the river flows;
Black, waxy land don't grow such truck
Along with its cotton stalks.

I've noticed that what the soil's;
Too dry fur a twelve inch share
To turn the trash up to the sun,
An' hits trillin' roots lay bare,

You're givin' ter raise a heap or weeds,
Bigger than the crop you sow;

An' when you lay your cotton by
These no account seeds still grow.

But whar the soil is toler'ble pore,
An' you've got your livin' to make,
You'll work your land for all she's worth,
An' you'll plow an' harver an' rake.

From sun up till the chickens roost
On the post oaks in the lots;
An' sandy land well worked is rich,
An' "Ole Caneys" pore, that's not.

—Frank Chase in Commonwealth.

THE PROPOSAL.

It was late on a September afternoon. The day had been damp and doleful, and now at 5:30 the fog was trying to envelop everything with its usual obstinate density.

Amid the stream of hurrying, jostling humanity which swept down the Strand was a man whose face might have attracted attention if there had been any one in that motley crowd not wholly engrossed in selfish interests. It was a fine, dark face, beautiful in its way, but marked by lines and shadows—the face of a man who was fighting against the world and who was losing the battle, and yet a man whose nature had not been imbibed by sordid struggles, a man who had suffered and grown strong. Such a one was Paul Ferris, only he would have been very much surprised to have heard it said.

He plodded along, his threadbare coat buttoned up to the chin, head bent, eyes fixed on the ground, thinking of nothing more or less heroic than the approaching dinner-hour. I suppose, though, that even a hero may be pardoned for being hungry if he has got through the day without any luncheon. That was the case with Paul Ferris, at all events, and consequently he was making the best of his way homeward, devoutly hoping that his sister had ordered something substantial for their evening meal. Presently he turned off to the right, and passed into one of those short and comparatively deserted streets which run from the Strand to the embankment. Here he entered one of the row of lodging houses and was soon in its dingy sitting room, with its dismal hued carpet and upholstery. As he came in a pale faced girl in a black gown rose from the couch where she had been lying and advanced to meet him.

"You have come at last, Paul."

"Yes, little one, and glad to see you up and looking so jolly."

"The rehearsal was late, was it not?"

"Late! I should say it was. Couldn't even get out to get some lunch."

"Poor boy! That was tragic, I have ordered dinner for 6 o'clock, so possess your soul in patience until then. In the mean time I have a bit of news for you."

Ferris threw off his coat and confronted her. "Not bad news, child?"

"No. On the contrary."

"Good news? Ah, that's something novel and refreshing. Let's have it, my good girl—pray, don't keep me in suspense."

He seated himself by the fireside and took off his gloves, looking across at his sister with a somewhat cynical smile.

"To begin with, who do you think called here this afternoon?"

"Creditors?"

"No."

"Doctor?"

"No."

"My solicitor?"

"Wrong again—it was Margaret Stanhope."

Ferris started and shaded his face with his hand.

"Well," he asked, after a pause, "What did she want of you?"

"She was very kind, Paul; inquired after you, and asked us both to an informal dinner on Thursday evening."

"And you accepted?"

"Of course; I thought it would be a treat. Surely you do not object?"

"I cannot object, Stella, if it would give you pleasure. Yes. We will go if fate so wills it."

"It was very kind in her, Paul, to look us up. Don't you think so? She has only been in London a week."

"Yes, Miss Stanhope has always been kind and condescending. Do you not see, my child, that she would make protégés of us? It is the fashion nowadays to patronize beggarly musicians."

"Paul," indignantly, "it is not like you to be such a bear. What makes you speak so? You know it is not true. How could she patronize us? Why, we knew her when she wore short dresses and played with doll babies. There is no one in the world so good and beautiful as Margaret Stanhope, and you know it. And Paul!"

"Well?"

"I have sometimes fancied!"

A prolonged pause.

"Well, out with it. What have you fancied?"

"That she cares for you more than—otherwise than as a mere friend, I mean. There is an expression in her eyes when she speaks of you!"

"Good heavens! Stella, you are ravishing," interrupted Paul, springing up and regarding her fiercely. "I forbid you to harbor such thoughts for a moment. Miss Stanhope is as far removed from me as if she were of royal blood. Evidently you do not realize the difference existing between an heiress and a penniless concert singer. I!"

"But Paul," interrupted Stella in her turn, "you must not forget you are a gentleman born, and our families were friends in the years gone by."

"A gentleman?" repeated Paul, disregarding the last clause in her sentence.

"Yes, the son of an obscure curate, a vagabond by adoption. And am I to woo dear Lady Disdain? Good God! You drive me mad!"

Stella watched him blankly for a mo-

ment as he flung about the room, then she threw herself on the lounge and burst into hysterical tears. Naturally this brought him to his senses at once, and he patted, and petted, and soothed and pacified until the storm was over.

II.

Thursday, the 1st of October, dawned, but it brought no prospect of the Ferrises dining at Kensington.

There came instead a small note which read as follows:

NO. 10 SALISBURY STREET, Oct. 1.
MY DEAR MISS STANHOPE—My sister is so very much worse today that it will be impossible for us to dine at your house this evening. She desired me to convey to you her regret and disappointment. Yours very sincerely,

PAUL FERRIS.

Margaret received it at luncheon time, and after she had read it twice or thrice she turned to her huge mastiff who was sitting bolt upright beside her, and thus addressed him: "Christopher, I am afraid your sex is hopelessly obtuse. Now, what would you think of a letter that coming from an individual whom you had known in childhood, had played with and squabbled with hundreds of times?"

Christopher gazed at her fixedly, and solemnly thumped his tail as a dirge like accompaniment.

"Never mind, Christie, you love me anyway, don't you, dear? There, old man, don't lick my face. You think I am crying, don't you? But it is not so, I assure you. Why, Christopher, do you think I would shed a tear for Paul Ferris? Come, we will get ready and go to Stella, since she cannot come to us. An errand of love, my son, with roses and jasmine for our offering."

There were many such errands of love in the ensuing week, for Stella grew weaker day by day, and her recovery seemed far off and uncertain.

The poor child would fain have been well. She would talk for hours between spasms of coughing about the things she would go and see, the books she would read, the places she would visit when she would be better again.

It was Christmas eve that the end came. There was a sudden attack of hemorrhage, a message sent to Paul at Her Majesty's theatre, a few hours of bushed waiting, a little struggle—and it was over. Margaret Stanhope was there, and it was in her arms that Stella's life flickered and went out.

Toward the last she begged Paul to sing to her.

"Something that will make me go to sleep soon," she said wearily.

And Paul went to the piano in the adjoining room and touched the keys softly.

Sorrow and care may meet,
The tempest cloud may low';
The surge of sin may beat
Upon life's troubled shore;
God hath us o'er in safety keep,
Hath given his beloved sleep.

When he had finished he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned and saw Margaret with the tears like rain on her face.

"She is asleep at last," she said brokenly.

III.

When Margaret had done what she could she went away and Paul did not see her for months.

It was better so, he told himself. Her way was not his. Their paths lay far apart, and he could not attempt to bridge the gulf between them. And so life went on for him daily, drearily, with never a break in the monotony until spring came. Then one morning he met her on Regent street. She was just stepping into her carriage, but she stopped him and gave him her hand and drew him aside for a few moments' conversation.

"I am glad I happened to meet you," she said. "I wished to speak to you on—on a matter of business. It is a favor I am going to ask of you.

"No; do not be so rash as to grant it beforehand, but promise to come to the house-to-morrow morning and we will talk it over. I shall be in until 12. Good-by, for the present."

When Ferris was shown into Miss Stanhope's drawing room the next morning he found it deserted. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, the sun struggled in through the lace curtains, and on the window seats boxes of snowdrops were lifting their delicate heads to receive the warm rays.

Margaret appeared very shortly, and greeted him with her usual frank kindness. She asked him to be seated, and after a few commonplace remarks evidently made an effort to plunge into the subject weighing on her mind.

"I asked you to come here because I have something to say to you that concerns us both—something I wish to ask of you," she began.

"It is rather difficult for me to tell you now that you are here," she went on nervously.

"The fact is, Mr. Ferris, I think of sailing for New York in a fortnight, and—I want you to go with me!" Paul leaned forward and passed his hand over his eyes.

"But I do not understand," he said, with a puzzled expression.

He could see that she was laboring under some excitement, that her breath was coming uncertainly. It seemed to him she was very near tears, although she was smiling.

"Monsieur," she said rapidly in French, "I have the honor of asking your hand in marriage for Mlle. Stanhope."

It struck him like a blow. It blinded him—took his breath away. He could not speak; was only conscious that Margaret was kneeling beside his chair with her hands on his arm; that her face was upturned, grave and tender.

"Paul," she whispered, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

He understood at last, and at last he held her in his arms and kissed her reverently.

"Paul! Paul!" she sobbed, "you must not think badly of me. I know you love me. I knew you would not speak. Oh, my darling, never leave me! Will you promise it? Never for a day, for an hour. Paul! Paul!"—MacRae E. Marlow in Drake's Magazine.

A DEAF MUTE COLLEGE.

DEGREES CONFERRED ON STUDENTS WHO CANNOT HEAR.

The Wonderful Progress in the Education of the Deaf and Dumb—The Curriculum of the National College at Washington. Some of the Work Done.

Very little is known about the ancient treatment of the deaf, but Aristotle is credited with saying somewhere in his history works that the deaf are wholly incapable of receiving intellectual instruction. History tells us, however, that deafness was sometimes deemed a visitation of divine wrath, and that the poor victim was frequently destroyed to save the family honor, or was classed with the idiotic or insane and treated as an outcast. This opinion must have prevailed many centuries, for it was within the last 150 years that it was discovered that the deaf were capable of receiving intellectual instruction.

A college for deaf mutes was founded in the city of Washington about twenty-six years ago to combat the popular prejudice. The college grew and thrived. Few people know anything about the National Deaf Mute college, or the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, as it is known officially, at Kendall Green, Washington. A man who, had he lived 1,000 years ago, might have been roasted because he could neither hear nor speak today studies moral philosophy, the calculus and ancient and modern languages, and graduates from a college with a degree.

THE COLLEGE.

The Columbia institution was incorporated in 1857, and has since then been sustained by congress as an institution where deaf mute children living in the District of Columbia and children of soldiers and sailors should receive free education. Ample provision is also made for deaf mutes from the states and territories, who have not the means of defraying the expenses of tuition, which amount to \$250 a year. The institution continued for seven years as an ordinary high school, but in 1864 it was decided to organize a collegiate department, and congress passed an act authorizing the institution to confer collegiate degrees. The institution was then divided into two departments, the school and the National Deaf Mute college. In one of his annual reports Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, the president of the college, says:

"The object of the directors in establishing a school of this grade, thus taking a step unprecedented in the history of deaf mute instruction, was in part to prove what had been doubted by some, that persons deprived of hearing and speech could, in spite of their disability, engage successfully in the advanced studies pursued in colleges for the hearing. The more important end in view, however, was to afford to a class of persons in the community, already numerous and increasing steadily with the population, an opportunity to secure the advantages of a rigid and thorough course of intellectual training in the higher walks of literature and the liberal arts."

The best evidence of the success of the movement can be found in this paragraph from the annual report of 1887, which tells what pursuits some of the graduates followed:

WHERE THE GRADUATES GO.

"Fifty who have gone out from the college have been engaged in teaching, one has entered the civil service of the government, one while filling a position as instructor in a western institution has rendered important service to the coast survey as a microscopist, two have become accomplished draughtsmen in architects' offices, one has been repeatedly elected recorder of deeds in a southern city, and two others are recorders' clerks in the west."

"Another has been elected city treasurer and is at present cashier of a national bank, one has become eminent as a practical chemist and assayer, two have taken places in the faculty of their alma mater and are rendering valuable service as instructors, some have gone into mercantile and other offices, some have undertaken business on their own account, while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits in which the advantages of thorough mental training will give them superiority over those not so well educated."

Congress has been liberal with the institution. In 1881 a fine gymnasium was completed, which cost \$14,600.

Most of the students in the college are graduates of the lower department of the institution, but not a few received their early education in separate local schools.

The entire curriculum, including an introductory year, embraces a period of five years.

Candidates for admission to the introductory class are examined in these subjects: The command of English as shown in oral or finger-spelled conversation; in rendering at sight paragraphs selected from school books and from newspapers; in extemporaneous English composition; arithmetic; history of the United States; history of England to the beginning of the reign of Henry VII.; political geography; physical geography; and elements of natural philosophy.

The curriculum of the college is about the same as that of any other college. It includes mathematics, English, Latin, Greek, history, zoology, botany, chemistry, physics, physiology, French, German, logic, mental and moral science and political philosophy.

The degrees which the college has conferred are: Bachelor of arts, bachelor of science, bachelor of philosophy, master of arts, master of science and doctor of philosophy.—New York Sun.

A Simple Plan.

Mr. Youngman (after long thought)—Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you without proposing?

Mr. Benedict (absently)—Yes; make her mad.—Good News.

The Man with a Patent.

There were only half a dozen people in the palace car all day long, and after dinner, when the man who had been sleeping and reading in seat No. 12 came over to me for a chat, I welcomed him with open arms. He said his name was Saunders, and that he had a patent or improvement on some part of a locomotive. He was going through to Cincinnati to have it perfected or adopted or something of the sort. He had been in partnership with a mean man—a man who had tried to swindle him out of a fortune. To get even he had stolen the patent and run away. He had it with him in a valise. That was all he said just then, but later on he confided to me the fact that at a town about thirty miles away this wicked partner of his might possibly be on hand to board the train and attempt to wrest the treasure from his keeping. He wanted my advice, and I offered to take charge of the valise. He thanked me with great enthusiasm, and as we approached the town he shut himself into the smoking compartment.

As the train drew up I saw an old acquaintance on the platform, and while we were talking a posse was hunting the train, for my friend. They didn't find him, as he had dropped off and struck out for the country. I went on to Cincinnati, taking his valise along, and although I was there four days he didn't show up. I arranged to leave it with the landlord, and it was carried to the office to be opened by a middle-aged clerk.

Instead of a patent it contained wedges, drills, a brace, fuse and other neat little devices for successfully working a burglar's job, and it cost me two days of the hardest kind of talk to satisfy the chief of police that I wasn't in it. I had ridden over 100 miles with a full fledged burglar, and one who had made his mark, and I must say he was a better talker and more of a gentleman than any governor I ever met.—New York Sun.

Will a Corpse Bleed?

Formerly there was a popular belief in a widespread superstition that the corpse of a murdered person would bleed afresh from the wounds that had caused death did the murderer touch it or even allow his eyes to rest upon it.

The belief is shown to have been universally established in Scotland as late as 1668. In that year one Philip Stansfield was arrested for the murder of a person who had been buried several days. Although the man had lain in the grave almost a fortnight, Sir George Mackenzie, the crown counsel, caused the body to be